

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "The Mall"

(feat. G-Dep, Shiggy Sha)

*[Intro/Chorus: x2]*

Make money money - GO SHOPPIN!

Take money money - GO SHOPPIN!

No matter what the weather, winter spring or fall

We'll be doin it... "at the mall"

*[G-Dep]*

Yo what the deal cousin, gave him a pound now we huggin  
in the mall thuggin, buggin, spent a few hundred  
Shorties must be lovin, shit, jigg to my Wallow's  
They watch like Movado so I floss like I'm lotto  
You ain't loungin, til you've been countin by the thousands  
Profilin, pushin more weight than your medallion  
We be wildin, lockin blocks down just like the Island  
Dough pilin, we keeps it in the family like Italians  
Ballin, cop some Charles Jordan and some icebergs  
Ice herbs, nice curves, girlfriend with the white fur  
Pushed up, feel her like some shots of Tequila  
Said her man's a dealer, with all these bags from Antilla  
He got to be, but you hot to me, you under lock and key?  
Laid it down properly, this cat at Stern's watchin me  
Moved on me sloppily, prepare for the fallout  
with gats to blow the wall out, clear the mall out

*[Chorus]*

*[Shiggy Sha]*

Yo, don't be mad at me, I used to be  
King Raggedy, fiends naggin me, shit I had to breathe  
Gradually, rocked casually, Sha passed the leave  
Vaseline slick shit, green stick shit  
Honey got some mean lipstick, my knot's this thick  
And I cop the meanest shit, still ride DISCUS  
but cops frisk us, the block whispers  
Theft need to stop, how we cop  
but you can Guess like them jeans you rock  
For now I'm rollin right, cause I had four faces  
fightin four cases in North Face of Dolemite  
So if he's here I ace the toners out my holdin tight  
Shorty lookin innocent there, in Benetton gear  
Nuttin innocent here, this ?henneson gear?  
Give us a year, to really see clear, through these Cartiers  
And do it party yea is what I'll probably hear  
Sharkskin is what I'll probably wear, designed by Pierre, trust me  
And look lovely with it  
Cop a 4.2 and get ugly with it, snugly fitted, ruggedly hittin

Fitted in my Coogi knitted, compliments on the doobie did it  
Got the movie rented if the crew be with it yo

*[Chorus 1/2]*

*[Guru]*

Most times I'm casual, but easily I switch  
to some fly shit, like some silk suits by Paul Smith  
And purchase some kicks by Kenneth Cole  
Cop a Hilfiger, or Polo goose, for when it's cold  
Armani, and Gaultier specs cover my eyes  
The definition of jiggy so you best to recognize  
At the mall, I'm baggin up, much more than gear  
Victoria, be whisperin mad Secrets in my ear  
She wanted me to knock her in the back of Foot Locker  
I chuckled as she kicked more game than soccer  
Others try to copy, I see em when they mock me  
Baseball cap bent, the fresh scent is Issey Miyake  
All the way from Green Acre's to the Beverly Center  
heads turn, and I'm the main concern when I enter  
At Albee Square, niggaz wouldn't even dare  
with that fake thuggish ruggish when them Brooklyn kids be in there  
Saw ?newriqi L? and then a sweet for my girl  
Stylin, on the cell phone smilin, it's my world  
Can't forget the Avorex, pocket for the royalty checks  
My crew be showin loyalty, plus utmost respect  
Yo son, go pioneer them bimbos, while I get some Timbo's  
Later on that night you'll find them nymphos  
That's how it goes cause mad heads be in the mall  
Let's breeze, we got a show, plus I got another phone call